

FAMILY GUY

"Brian Goes Back To College"

Written by

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Writer's First Draft  
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**FADE IN:**

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - DAY**

The marquee reads, "'A-Team' Convention. I Pity You All."

**INT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - SAME**

The floor is filled with booths and A-TEAM FANS who are dressed as characters from the show. There is a stage set up at the far end of the floor.

PETER, CLEVELAND, JOE, and QUAGMIRE enter, dressed as the A-Team: Peter is Hannibal - tan military-style shirt and a lit cigar in his mouth; Cleveland is B.A. Baracus - a mohawk and overalls with a long-sleeved blue t-shirt underneath, a weightlifter's belt and sixty-five pounds of gold jewelry; Quagmire is Face - sport coat and khakis; and Joe is 'Holwin' Mad' Murdock, leather bomber jacket and baseball cap.

Brian trails them, dressed normally, but with a Press credential around his neck and carrying a small notepad.

PETER

I can't believe we're actually at the  
"A-Team" convention. I've always  
loved this show. In fact, I watched  
my favorite episode last night.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Peter watches TV. Lois runs into the room carrying a limp Chris.

LOIS

Peter! Call 911! Something's wrong  
with Chris!

Lois **drops** Chris onto the floor and begins CPR. Peter doesn't notice.

PETER

(RE: TV) Oh, man, I bet that scrap  
metal's gonna come in handy!

Lois continues the CPR.

**INT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

The guys walk around the convention.

PETER

Fellas, we make the perfect "A-Team":  
Me as Hannibal, the fearless leader;  
Quagmire as Face, the lady killer;  
Cleveland as B.A., mechanical expert  
and muscle-bound Negro; and since Joe  
had that mental breakdown and  
dissociative fugue back in '97,  
there's no better crazy man "Howlin'  
Mad" Murdock.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, Brian, where's your costume?

BRIAN

I'm not here as a fan. I'm writing an  
article for the *Daily Shopper*. And if  
I do a good job I could be writing  
wedding announcements in six months.  
(CONVINCING HIMSELF) And that's a  
great step for my career.

They pass a booth where a BOOTH RUNNER displays automatic  
weapons, grenades and acetylene torches.

BOOTH RUNNER

These here are gen-u-wine guns from  
"The A-Team" television series. Now,  
most people think the A-Team members  
all had horrific aim, but that's not  
the case. Watch.

The Booth Runner grabs an automatic rifle and **fires** into the  
crowd. People dive for cover, but the bullets **hit** the ground  
around them, the ceiling, and inexplicable liquor bottles,  
not hitting anyone. The people stand up.

BOOTH RUNNER

Special weapon. Developed by the  
French. (THEN) And watch this.

He picks up a grenade and lobs it into the crowd. It **explodes**, sending several people into the air, **screaming** and flailing their arms. The people stand, dust off their shirts, then **applaud**.

**ANGLE ON** Brian at a booth scribbling in his notepad. The booth is labeled, "'A-Team' Script Supervisor." The **SCRIPT SUPERVISOR** addresses the rapt **CROWD**.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR

So, anyway, the biggest part of my job was getting the new script pages and collating them in with the old pages.

FAN

So, the actors didn't make it up as they went?

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR

Oh, heavens, no. Well, except for Mr. T. Funny anecdote about Mr. T., one night I gave him his new script pages and he said, "Thank you." Thank you! True story.

The crowd "**oohs**" and "**aahs**."

**ANGLE ON** the stage. A bitter-looking **EMCEE** takes the mike.

EMCEE

And now, the highlight of the convention, besides the pathetic conversation and validation that you're not the only freak in the world, the costume contest.

**ANGLE ON** the guys.

PETER

Aw, man, this contest is ours!

ANGLE ON the Emcee.

EMCEE

Here come the first losers.

Four GEEKS dressed in "Star Trek" uniforms enter the stage.

GEEK #1

"Star Trek" rules! "A-Team" sucks!

CROWD

Boo! / You suck! / If I had muscles

I'd punch you!

The Geeks give the crowd the Vulcan "live long and prosper" symbol, as if they're giving the finger, and run off stage.

CLEVELAND

Lousy geeks.

PETER

Oh, man, I used to be a geek.

**INT. CARNIVAL TENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A SHIRTLESS PETER stands before a small crowd, holding two dead chickens in his hands. He **angrily bites** both their heads off and **spits** them at the crowd, then **screams**. The disgusted crowd hurries out.

PETER

Oh, come on! What did you expect when  
you read the sign?

**INT. QUAHOG CONVENTION CENTER - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

The stage is filled with groups dressed as the A-Team members and one group dressed as LUKE SKYWALKER, YODA AND DARTH VADER.

EMCEE

(TO CROWD) Let's here it for everyone  
up here, except the retards who dressed  
as "Star Wars" characters.

(MORE)

EMCEE (CONT'D)

They should be jeered and beaten with a thick metal rod. (THEN) All right, first runner-up is, uh... (LOOKING AROUND) that fat guy and his stupid friends.

Peter **screams with delight** and runs up to the Emcee. The guys **cheer**, as Peter takes the trophy from the Emcee.

PETER

(TO CROWD, GUSHING) Oh, god, I, uh... I, uh, wooo, this is something else, this is something else... (HOLDS UP TROPHY) This is for all the fat boys!

The crowd, made up entirely of fat boys and men, explodes with an **ear-splitting roar**.

EMCEE

Yeah, thanks for that. (THEN) The winner is... these retards who dressed up as the "Star Wars" guys. Just because that seems ironic. Like my life. (BEAT) I was voted most likely to succeed. Chew on that.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. GRIFFINS' SUN PORCH - SAME**

Brian sits on the bench seat, sipping scotch and reading The New Yorker. Stewie lies on the floor, looking up admiringly at him. A beat.

BRIAN

Stewie, would you stop it?

STEWIE

What? I'm merely admiring the genius that was able to put into words the magnitude and global import of that nerd-fest the other night. Bra-vo.

BRIAN

It was my assignment, okay? And I think I did a pretty good job.

STEWIE

Oh, so did I. That's why I submitted it to every major publication in the country.

BRIAN

You what?! Oh, you're an ass.

STEWIE

I say, is this the article that's going to win you the Pulitzer, or does the *Pennysaver* have it's own prestigious award?

BRIAN

(DEFENSIVE) I write for the *Daily Shopper*. It's a good paper. And I don't have to defend myself to someone whose imaginary friends have stopped talking to him.

STEWIE

(FLUSTERED) They have not stopped talking to -- They're on vacation!

BRIAN

For two weeks?

STEWIE

They got a good deal! (FIGHTS TEARS) I  
hate you!

Stewie heads out, **crying**.

STEWIE

Lois! Brian's fibbing!

He exits. Brian reads for a beat. The phone **rings** and he  
answers it.

BRIAN

Griffin residence. Brian speaking.

An arrogant-sounding VOICE similar to Stewie's speaks.

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Brian! Hello, this is Bort Ablington  
III, I'm calling from the New Yorker.  
Perhaps you've heard of us?

(PRETENTIOUS LAUGH)

BRIAN

Stewie, I don't have time for this.

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

(CHUCKLES) You are a pistol. Anyway,  
Brian we received your article on "The  
A-Team" and we were very impressed.  
We would love for you to become a  
contributor for our magazine.

BRIAN

This is by far the lowest, nastiest  
thing you have ever --

Stewie enters rubbing his eyes and drinking from a sippy cup.  
Brian smiles and puts the phone on speaker.



BRIAN

So, when do you want me to start?

BORT ABLINGTON III (OVER SPEAKER)

Tomorrow morning would be smashing.

You'll know where the *New Yorker*

building is of course?

Stewie's eyes go wide and he faints backwards, the sippy cup dangling from his mouth.

**EXT./ESTAB. THE NEW YORKER - DAY**

**INT. THE NEW YORKER - HALLWAY - SAME**

Brian is led around the office by a well-dressed and well-groomed snobby-looking man who smokes a pipe, BORT ABLINGTON III. As they walk, they pass the CARACATURE from the *New Yorker* (1800's man with top hat and monocle), who is mopping the floor, clearly the janitor.

BRIAN

Mr. Ablington, I can't thank you enough for bringing me aboard. This is a dream come true.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Well, Brian, your article possessed the perfect amount of wit flavored by just a nod to the pretentious. The kind of writing we strive for here at the *New Yorker*.

They enter a large room.

**INT. THE NEW YORKER - WRITER'S ROOM - DAY**

The room is well-appointed. Soft, soothing classical music plays. BUTLERS line the walls.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(TO BUTLER) Randolph, turn the music down, will you?

The Butler walks over to the wall, where he opens a small hatch, revealing a PIANO PLAYER stuffed behind a grand piano. The Butler taps the Piano Player on the shoulder and he plays more softly.

BORT ABLINGTON III

This is where we create.

They reach the WRITERS (Six men and a woman, all very well-dressed), who sit around on leather couches, reading novels, writing down ideas, smoking pipes and sipping tea.

WRITER #1

Should we review the new Wally Lamb book?

WRITER #2

No, people know who he is.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Gentlemen and gentle woman.

The writers all **laugh pretentiously**.

BORT ABLINGTON III

I would like to present, the New Yorker's latest phenom, Brian Griffin.

The writers greet Brian.

WRITER #1

An absolute pleasure. Your study of Post Modern American Subcultures was quite illuminating.

WRITER #2

Yes, I've learned from your article that fans of the "A-Team" are the societal "B-Team."

Everyone **laughs pretentiously**.

WRITER #3

I think you'll find you'll enjoy your  
time here. Just watch out for John  
Updike after he's had a few. He gets  
a little handsy and likes to play  
"Seek My Face."

Everyone **laughs out loud**, quickly catching themselves. They  
look disapprovingly at Writer #3.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(TO WRITER #3) We don't do laugh out  
loud funny. We'd rather think.  
You're fired.

Writer #3 hangs his head and slinks out. Bort finishes the tour.

BORT ABLINGTON III

And finally, this is our Muse,  
Calliope. Muse of eloquence.

**ANGLE TO REVEAL** the Muse CALLIOPE; a woman in a long, flowing white  
gown, holding a stylus and wax tablet, standing on a pedestal.

CALLIOPE

(TO BRIAN) You want me to inspire you,  
you gotta do somethin' for me. (LIFTS  
ROBE) Give me the business.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Ah, Calliope. The consummate  
jokester.

BRIAN

Yeah. She seems pretty a-Muse-ing.

Everyone **chuckles pretentiously**.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Oh, Brian, what a delightful play on words. I dare say, you'll fit in here right well. Right well indeed.

Brian beams. Bort sees the time.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Oh, it's time for mid-morning tea.

Everyone heads off. Calliope stops Brian.

CALLIOPE

Hey, where do you think Faulkner got "The Sound and the Fury," huh? (LIFTS UP ROBE) Right up here.

**INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT**

The bar is filled with PATRONS watching the Red Sox game. Peter and the guys, still in costume, drink at a table. Their costume contest trophy is on the table. Peter stands.

PETER

Fellas, after three weeks, I'm still proud of all of you. You really... (TEARING UP) you really showed me somethin'.

The guys **mumble**, embarrassed. Peter raises his mug to toast, but suddenly the bar patrons **grumble angrily** because the TV reception is going in and out. HORACE moves the antenna around, but it doesn't help.

PATRONS

This sucks! / I'm leavin'! / What is this, Bennigan's?!

The patrons start to leave. Peter turns to the guys.

PETER

Fellas, we gotta help Horace.

JOE

What can we do, Peter?

PETER

I think the question is, what would  
the "A-Team" do?

CLEVELAND

Kick. Some. Ass.

The guys spring into action.

PETER

(TO PATRONS) Nobody move! We got this  
under control.

The patrons stop and turn.

PETER

Horace, tinfoil

Horace tosses him a roll of tinfoil.

PETER

All right, guys remember our roles.

(TO JOE) Murdock, act crazy.

Joe **screams manically** and wheels through the crowd, clearing  
a path to the TV. The guys walk through.

PETER

(TO CLEVELAND) B.A. Antennas.

Cleveland starts wrapping the tinfoil around the antennas.

PETER

(TO QUAGMIRE) Face, hit on a chick.

Quagmire leans in to a HOT WOMAN.

QUAGMIRE

I got a huge penis.

The woman smiles.

**ANGLE ON** Cleveland, as he finishes wrapping the foil around the  
antennas. The patrons look on expectantly.

The picture is a little clearer, but not great. The patrons **sigh**, disappointed, and continue to the door.

CLEVELAND

(SCREAMING) Wait!

Everyone stops. Cleveland taps one of the antennas and the reception is crisp and clear. The patrons **cheer**.

PETER

(TO PATRONS) Drinks are on the house!

The patrons rush the bar and a bewildered Horace.

PETER

Oh, man, we were great out there! I can't believe we never realized this. Fellas, we should become Quahog's A-Team.

CLEVELAND

But, Peter, that was just fixing a television.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, we're not heroes.

PETER

Oh, Really? Those rowdy, drunk people would say otherwise. (THEN, LIFTING TROPHY) This second-place finish in that local, moderately-attended TV show convention costume contest was meant to be used for good in this world. And I for one am not gonna waste that. (BEAT) Who's with me?

The guys look at each other, inspired.

QUAGMIRE/JOE/CLEVELAND

All right! / Let's do it! / I also  
agree that we should be doing it.

Peter raises his beer.

PETER

We're now officially the AA-Team.

JOE

Why the AA-Team?

PETER

Because I'd rather drink than think of  
a better name.

The guys **toast** and drink. Quagmire turns to another WOMAN.

QUAGMIRE

Hi, there. I'm Face. Wanna sit on me?

**INT. THE NEW YORKER - OUTSIDE AN OFFICE - DAY**

The Caracature is at the ASSISTANT's desk emptying the  
garbage can.

**INT. BORT ABLINGTON III'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bort and Brian sit in leather chairs in front of the fire.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Your latest story is superb, Brian. I  
want you to know we're submitting it  
for the O. Henry Award.

BRIAN

(GIDDY) Wow. That's such an honor.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(RE: LIQUOR TRAY) A celebratory drink?

BRIAN

Sure. I'll take two fingers of scotch.

Bort laughs a **pretentious laugh**.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Oh, Brian, how droll. Brown liquor  
before Labor Day. That is a fine one.  
We'll have to put that into a cartoon,  
I mean, animated laughing square.

Brian **laughs**, covering. Bort hands Brian a vodka tonic in a  
Harvard rocks glass.

BRIAN

Ah, Harvard. A fine school.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(CHUCKLES) So dry. I knew some fine  
times at Harvard. I remember once we  
stole Princeton's mascot and wrote,  
"We don't care for the way you do  
business" on it. (LAUGHS) They're  
still reeling from that one. (THEN)  
And yourself?

BRIAN

I went to Brown.

BORT ABLINGTON III

My dry cleaner went to Brown. (LAUGHS  
OBNOXIOUSLY) I'm sorry, old Harvard  
joke. Which year?

BRIAN

'98.

Bort pushes a button and a wall panel opens up. ANOTHER  
BUTLER hands him a Brown yearbook.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(OFF BRIAN'S LOOK) I like to keep tabs  
on all my Ivy League brothers.



Bort flips through the book. Brian takes a long sip of his drink.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Franklin... Greer... My dry  
cleaner... Harrison... They seem to  
have forgotten your picture?

BRIAN

Uh, yeah, I was sick on picture day.  
Listen, I have to go squeeze another  
ridiculously long sentence into my  
latest article...

Brian stands to leave. Bort flips through the book.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(RE: BOOK) Wait a minute. What's this  
here?

Bort holds the book up so Brian can see. We see a heading  
labeled, "Dropouts: Avoid At All Costs." Beneath it is a  
formal picture of Brian, hair slicked down and parted,  
smiling, wearing a blazer. Bort **gasps**.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Brian, you never graduated?! The *New*  
*Yorker* does not employ liars and  
people with loose ethics. This is not  
the *New York Times*! You, sir are  
fired! (CALLING OFF) Eustis!

The Caracature walks in.

BORT ABLINGTON III

(DRAMATICALLY) Take out this trash.

The Caracature walks to the garbage can and pulls out the  
garbage bag. Bort **sighs**.

BORT ABLINGTON III

Brian, please show yourself out.

BRIAN

Fine.

Brian hangs his head and exits as the Caracature changes the garbage, **whistling happily**.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The family, minus Stewie, sits around the table. Peter is still in costume. Brian sips some scotch.

BRIAN

I mean, it's not like I didn't go to college. I had one more class to take, but I felt I'd gotten the education I needed, so I left.

LOIS

Oh, Brian, I can't believe they fired you. I mean, for a reason other than your writing.

Stewie rushes in holding a camcorder up to his eye.

STEWIE

Did I miss it?! Has he cried yet?  
You'd tell me, right?

PETER

Pfft. While you people were busy at  
(DERISIVE) "college," I was servin' my  
country as a spy.

**EXT./ESTAB. COBRA HEADQUARTERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**INT. COBRA HEADQUARTERS - SAME (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)**

Peter, dressed as TOMAX, stands with Tomax's twin brother, XAMOT. They both wear blue uniforms that have silver shoulder guards on opposite sides, and Xamot has a pink scar on his cheek. Peter is busting out of his uniform. COBRA COMMANDER sits before them on a throne.

COBRA COMMANDER

Now, Tomax and Xamot, the G.I. Joe's  
are planning to attack -- I-I'm  
sorry, I can't blow past this. Tomax,  
have you, um, let yourself go a bit?

PETER

(DEFENSIVE) Oh, what, just because I  
don't fit society's definition of  
"thin" --

COBRA COMMANDER

No, no, I'm not saying that, it's  
just, it seems you've looked better.

PETER

(TO XAMOT) You gonna let him say this?

XAMOT

Well, you have gotten a little --

PETER

Some freakin' brother.

Peter pulls out a cupcake, shoves it in his mouth, and runs  
out **crying**. Xamot turns to Cobra Commander.

XAMOT

(APOLOGETIC) He's got Down Syndrome.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)**

BRIAN

No real publication's gonna hire me  
now. (THEN) Why should I be destined  
to work at the *Daily Shopper* just  
because of a stupid piece of paper?  
(THEN, CHOKED UP) I'm a good writer...

STEWIE

(STILL TAPING) Ah, here they come.

Here come the tears. Yes, that's  
right, purge.

LOIS

Well, Brian, if you only had one class  
left, why don't you go just go back  
and finish? Plenty of people do that.

BRIAN

(BEAT) You know, Lois, that's not a  
bad idea. My credits are still good  
and that diploma will open so many  
doors... I'm gonna do it.

Brian stands, dramatically.

BRIAN

I'm going back to college!

There's a **musical sting**. A beat, as Brian and the family  
look at one another in silence. Another beat. Brian  
sheepishly sits back down.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

**EXT./ESTAB. BROWN UNIVERSITY - DAY**

The Griffins' car passes a sign that reads, "Brown University. What Can A Pretentious Education Do For You?"

**EXT. BRIAN'S DORM - DAY**

The Griffins, minus Stewie un-pack Brian's things. Peter holds a soda. Chris chases a butterfly in the background.

BRIAN

You guys didn't have to drop me off.

LOIS

Well, we wanted to wish you luck on  
your first day back at college.

Peter hands Brian a small box.

PETER

Here, Brian, I packed ya some college  
essentials.

BRIAN

Thanks, Peter. (RE: BOX) Lava lamp,  
black velvet poster of unicorns under  
a rainbow, a bar of soap with hairs  
all over it...?

Brian pulls out a large bottle of brown liquid.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(RE: BOTTLE) Are-are these roofies?

LOIS

Peter!

PETER

What? This stuff gets out stains like  
nobody's business. Watch.

Peter turns to a FEMALE STUDENT and pours his soda on her shirt, then dabs some roofies on the stain. She immediately passes out.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, wait, yeah, yeah, this is the rapin' stuff. My bad.

**ANGLE ON** Meg, who notices DORKY KIDS everywhere.

MEG

Wow, look at all these losers, talking and playing and walking freely without fear! I can't wait to go to college!

Two DORKY COLLEGE GUYS walk past.

DORKY COLLEGE GUY #1

(RE: MEG) Whoa, beast ahoy!

DORKY COLLEGE GUY #2

She'll have a hard time fitting in here.

MEG

(DESPERATE, CALLING AFTER) Um... I put out!

The guys stop and walk back to Meg.

DORKY COLLEGE GUY #1

Putting out's fun!

DORKY COLLEGE GUY #2

I got twenty minutes before Geology.

Meg beams.

**INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Brian enters the small, depressing ten-by-ten cement-walled room. There's a single bed and a small TV on a desk.

BRIAN

Home sweet home. (LAUGHS, THEN WISTFUL) That would have killed at the New Yorker.

Brian sets down his suitcase and opens it. Stewie tumbles out of the bag, **gasping desperately** for air.

BRIAN

Stewie! What the hell are you doing?!  
How long have you been in there?

STEWIE

(STRUGGLING TO BREATHE) Since...  
Since... we left the house.

BRIAN

That was three days ago. Peter made  
us drive to Delaware so he could  
incorporate his company.

**INT. DELAWARE COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter leans over a desk, filling out a form for an EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Sign here.

PETER

(SIGNS) Okay.

EMPLOYEE

And here.

PETER

(SIGNS) Okay.

EMPLOYEE

And here.

He signs.

EMPLOYEE

You're all set, Mr. Griffin. Monkey  
Butt Poopy Pants, Inc. is now in  
business.

PETER

Hehehehehe. That's not a real  
company, stupid!

Peter runs out.

INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Stewie strains to breathe, then takes a hit off an inhaler and is okay.

STEWIE

I couldn't miss watching you crash and  
burn in this misguided attempt to  
finish college. You're on a streak.

Stewie puts on a giant foam hand that's giving a thumbs-down  
and has the word "Loser" printed on it.

STEWIE

Let the show begin.

BRIAN

You're leaving right now.

STEWIE

Oh, what, would you rather live with  
one of those heathen freshman?

Two freshmen, EDWARD and MISTY, burst into the room.

EDWARD

Can we have sex in here?

MISTY

He likes to choke me, so you won't  
hear my screaming.

BRIAN

No. Get out.

They leave.

BRIAN

Fine. You can stay. (CHUCKLES) In  
fact, if you pay attention you just  
might learn a thing or two.



STEWIE

My god, you think highly of yourself.

Brian picks up the phone.

BRIAN

I'll call Lois and cover for you.

STEWIE

Oh, tell her to go to hell for me,  
will you? (NOTICES TIME) Ooh, "The  
Hogan Family" is on.

Stewie turns on the TV and the **theme song to "The Hogan Family"**  
plays. Through the wall, **thumping hip-hop music** blares.

STEWIE

(TRYING TO IGNORE NOISE) Ooh, Mrs.  
Poole's just gotten her very own  
cooking show!

**The music gets louder.**

STEWIE

Someone wants to die.

Stewie heads to the door.

**INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

**DRUNKEN FRESHMEN** party to the **loud music**. Stewie enters.

STEWIE

I say, quiet down!

Stewie spots a GUY doing a keg stand across the room.

STEWIE

(EXCITED) Oh, my! That man's doing  
gymnastics!

Stewie spots a **HAMMERED GIRL** twirling a glow stick, entranced.

STEWIE

(SQUEALS) A glowie!

Stewie grabs the stick from the girl, who doesn't seem to notice, and twirls it in front of his face, **giggling happily**.

**EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Peter and the guys, still in costume, are fixing a BUSTED-UP VAN to look like the A-Team van: spray painted black, crooked red stripe around the front and sides, long antenna, etc. (Note: The guys will be in these costumes for the rest of the episode unless specified.) Peter holds a clipboard, marking things off as he talks to the guys.

PETER

All right, fellas, let's see how we're doin' here. (RE: CLIPBOARD) Big lights on top of the van.

**ANGLE ON** Quagmire on the roof of the van, affixing a light.

QUAGMIRE

Check.

PETER

Sweet-ass swivel captain's chair.

**ANGLE ON** Joe in the back of the van, swiveling in a black captain's chair.

JOE

Check.

PETER

Beer tap.

**ANGLE ON** Cleveland sitting next to a tap in the wall.

CLEVELAND

Chi-zeck.

PETER

Aw, man, this is gonna be the sweetest "A-Team" van ever. Much better than that one that went nuts and attacked those school children back in '88.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A life-size "A-TEAM" VAN with arms and legs and a discernible face on the chassis, sits upright in a chair, smoking a cigarette, in front of a class of FIFTH GRADERS.

A-TEAM VAN

...And that's when I stopped loving  
myself.

He takes a drag. A FIFTH-GRADER raises her hand. The van points at her.

FIFTH-GRADER

So, do you still talk to Mr. T?

A-TEAM VAN

Always Mr. T! Can't you people ever  
talk about anything else?!

The Van knocks over his chair and starts menacingly toward the kids, **revving** his engine.

**EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

CLEVELAND

Hey, it's on!

The guys gather around a small TV that's been crudely mounted to the back of one of the seats with duct tape and a belt.

**ANGLE ON** the TV.

**INT. GRIFFINS' SUN PORCH - NIGHT (ON TV)**

We see home movie footage of a hammered Peter and Quagmire drawing on a passed-out Joe. Over it, we hear:

PETER (V.O.)

In 2005, a crack drinkin' unit won  
second place in a costume contest.

**EXT. SMOGGY QUAHOG SKYLINE - DAY (ON TV)**

The camera **SLOWLY PUSHES IN** on the smoggy skyline.

PETER

These men promptly escaped to the  
Quahog underground.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Today, still as cool and sexy as they  
were as teenagers...

QUAGMIRE (V.O.)

Giggity!

**CUT TO** a picture of Peter holding a wad of cash in one hand  
and a plastic machine gun in the other.

PETER (V.O.)

...They survive as soldiers of  
fortune.

**CUT TO** video footage in front of the house of Chris in a ski  
mask robbing Stewie, who is dressed as an old woman. Peter  
steps into frame and decks Chris in the face, knocking him out  
cold. He then returns the purse to an appreciative Stewie.  
Over this, we hear:

CLEVELAND (V.O.)

So, if you have a problem...

QUAGMIRE (V.O.)

...If no one else can help...

PETER (V.O.)

...And you can find 'em at 31 Spooner  
Street, maybe you can hire the AA-Team.

JOE (V.O.)

Don't I get to say anything?

**CLOSE ON** a piece of paper as Peter writes: "Call 555-0148." As  
he writes, Peter makes **lame machine gun sound effects**, as if the  
words are being formed on the paper by machine gun fire.

**EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

The guys **cheer excitedly**.

PETER

Fellas, the AA-Team is in business!

Peter presses a button on Joe's wheelchair, and two racks of  
guns (pistols and larger automatics) extend from either side  
of his chair.

PETER

Lock and load, boys.

Joe retracts the guns.

JOE

Peter, are guns really necessary?

That could be dangerous.

PETER

Of course guns are necessary, Joe.

We're The AA-Team. But, you know,

hey, if you're scared and don't want  
to be part of the team, I understand.

JOE

You kicking me off the team, Griffin?

PETER

That's really up to you, Joe.

JOE

Fine, take the guns.

The guys **cheer** as Joe extends the gun rack.

JOE

But not the good ones.

PETER

See, Joe, compromise is good.

They take some guns.

DISPATCHER (OVER C.B.)

Any available unit, we have a 195 at  
Main and Sandy Beach. Please respond.

QUAGMIRE

A 195, what's that?

JOE

Excessive leaves on a sidewalk.

COP (OVER C.B.)

Yeah, that's a complete waste of time.

Over.

PETER

Gentlemen, Quahog needs our help! AA-

Team, let's roll!

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire run into the van, as Joe hits a button, and we hear a paced **beeping** as a wheelchair ramp very slowly unfolds from the van's sliding door and lowers to the ground. Joe wheels around, getting his wheelchair into position, and wheels backwards onto the ramp. The ramp very slowly lifts Joe up to the van and he wheels into it. Once he's inside, Joe hits the button again and the **beeping** begins again, as the ramp very slowly folds back up into the van.

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY**

Brian sits at a lab table at the front of the room. The professor, the QUADRIPLEGIC MAN (from Episode 3ACX07), enters flanked by his FEMALE T.A. The professor addresses the CLASS.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

(COMPUTER VOICE) Hello, losers.

KISS ASS

(KISS-ASS) Hello, professor --

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Shut your mouth, jackass.

KISS ASS

Yes, sir!

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Take out your pencils. We are having  
a pop quiz.

The students sit there, stunned.

BRIAN

Uh, excuse me, how can we have a quiz  
when we haven't had a class yet?

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

A smartass, eh? You get an "F."

BRIAN

(LAUGHS) You gotta be joking?

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

No, but I am now: why did the a-hole

cross the professor? To get an "F."

Brian sits there stunned as the T.A. slaps a quiz onto Brian's desk with a big, red "F" on it.

**INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

Brian sits at his desk, studying.

BRIAN

(READING) Avagadro's number is 6.023

times ten to the twenty-third

molecules per mole --

A large, metal garbage can flies into frame behind Brian, making a **loud metal bong**.

**ANGLE ON** Stewie and his stoner buddy, ICHE, sitting on top of the dresser. They each hold a large, metal garbage can.

BRIAN

Stewie. I can't study with this noise.

STEWIE

Sure you can.

Stewie tosses another can, **bonging** it off the wall.

ICHE

Oh, sweet toss, Stewbert.

STEWIE

(LAUGHS) Thank you, Iche. That was quite sweet.

BRIAN

(LOSING HIS COOL) Stewie, I'm serious.

STEWIE

What, braniac can't focus? Is he  
having trouble with the material?

Iche laughs a **high-pitched idiotic laugh.**

STEWIE

Oh, Iche. You are my Yang.

BRIAN

Here. Let's do this: you win, Stewie.  
Okay? Game over.

STEWIE

It's not a game, Brian, we're just  
blowing off a little steam. God, why  
does everything have to be a  
competition with you?

BRIAN

Look, I'm just asking for a few --

Stewie tosses a can, **drilling** Brian in the face, knocking him  
unconscious.

STEWIE

Ha! That is off the chain, man. That  
is off the chain.

**EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY**

The AA-Team van rolls down the street.

**INT. AA-TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Peter drives. In the back, Quagmire drinks from the beer tap  
as Cleveland pulls a hot dog off a metal 7-Eleven warmer.

PETER

All right, AA-Team, keep your eyes peeled  
for any oppressed little guy in need.

QUAGMIRE

Uh, Peter, they prefer the term "midgets."



The guys spot an OLD WOMAN waiting to cross the street.

PETER

No one's helpin' that poor old lady.

Looks like a job for the AA-Team.

Peter drives the van onto the sidewalk. Pedestrians dive out of the way. The guys hop out and run up to the woman. Peter grabs her arm and the guys form a protective shield around her.

PETER

Don't worry, ma'am, we'll get you  
across this busy street.

OLD WOMAN

But I --

The guys drag the woman into traffic, causing cars and trucks to **swerve** out of the way and **hit** one another, light posts and store fronts. One truck **explodes**. It's mayhem. They safely reach the other side with the shell-shocked woman.

PETER

That's a dangerous intersection. It's  
a good thing we were here to help you.

OLD WOMAN

I wasn't trying to cross the street,  
you jackass! I was waiting for my  
nephew to pick me up!

PETER

Then we'll protect you until he comes.

OLD WOMAN

He's right over there!

She points to a Jeep Wrangler that's been overturned, the back wheel still spinning. A YOUNG MAN crawls out of the Jeep and shakes his head, trying to regain his bearings.

PETER

Glad we could help, ma'am.

She runs to her nephew.

PETER

Score one for the little guy.

**EXT. SANDY BEACH ROAD - LATER**

The guys stand next to a tall tree with a small group of QUAHOGIANS. There's a scared CAT on a branch fifteen feet up. Peter turns to a LITTLE GIRL.

PETER

Don't worry sad, little girl. The AA-  
Team will get your beloved kitty down.

(THEN) Ready, boys?

The guys all pull out large automatic weapons. They take aim at the trunk and **spray** the tree with bullets. The onlookers dive for cover and the cat freaks out and climbs higher. They keep shooting the trunk until they cut all the way through. The cat jumps down as the tree falls over and **crashes** through the roof of a nearby house. The onlookers slowly stand up, still frightened. The Little Girl grabs her cat.

LITTLE GIRL

Mrs. Chippy!

The guys smile.

PETER

That'll teach you to hurt little  
girls, you lousy tree!

JOE

(SCREAMS EXHILARATED) Woo! Yeah!  
They don't let you do this stuff on  
the force! All that namby-pamby  
police work! It feels great to get  
back in touch with my roots! Wooooo!

PETER

Joe! Joe! Public.

JOE

Sorry.

Peter gently strokes Joe's head, soothing him.

PETER

It's okay.

**EXT./ESTAB. FANCY HOTEL - NIGHT**

**INT. FANCY HOTEL - OUTSIDE BALLROOM - SAME**

A SNOOTY MAN talks with an OLD WOMAN.

SNOOTY MAN

(PANICKED) I-I assure you Mrs. Van Houten, there is no problem with the room. It will be ready promptly in time as soon as your guests are with us.

The guys **burst** out from the ballroom, dressed as the GHOSTBUSTERS. Cleveland holds a full ghost trap.

PETER

We came, we saw, we stole some booze!

CLEVELAND

We got it!

SNOBBY-LOOKING MAN

(LOOKS IN ROOM) What the hell did you do in there! For god's sake, it was just one rat!

PETER

(OBLIVIOUS) You are welcome.

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY**

Brian sits at his lab desk. The T.A. passes back their tests. Brian gets his; he got an "F."

BRIAN

Of course I got an "F." Half the questions weren't even on material we covered. This guy's nuts.

**ANGLE ON** two STUDENTS next to Brian

STUDENT #1

Sweet, bro, I got a "C."

STUDENT #2

I got a "C+," dude.

KID #1

Right on.

They **slap five**.

STUDENT #2

You wanna go freebase?

**ANGLE ON** the chalkboard. We see a list labeled, "Top Students" with three names under it. The T.A. writes Brian's name under a heading labeled, "Biggest Moron."

**ANGLE ON** Brian, as he puts his paw in his mouth and nervously chews on it.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

Lois sits at the table, scared by something O.S. We **PAN DOWN** to Peter cleaning his AK-47, the barrel pointed right at Lois.

LOIS

Uh, Peter, could you do that outside, please? You're makin' me nervous.

PETER

Come on, Lois, there's nothin' to be worried about.

The gun misfires, **spraying** the ceiling with bullets, causing it to **cave in** and sending Chris **falling** onto the table.

CHRIS

Hi, Dad!

PETER

Go to your room.

CHRIS

Okay!

Chris exits. Peter sets down the gun. Lois notices something in the newspaper.

LOIS

Oh, no, they're tearin' down Huth Road park to build a strip mall. I take Stewie there all the time. Oh, well, I guess we'll have to go to Keggabein.

PETER

No, Lois, this is the real challenge the AA-Team needs. An opportunity to stand up to the man, face-to-face, and tell him, "No way, sir! Not our park!"

LOIS

Peter, you won a costume contest, that's it. You can't stop a company from building a strip mall.

PETER

(INSPIRATIONAL) Lois, the AA-Team can do anything, as long as you believe in 'em.

Peter chucks Lois on the cheek, then exits. Then, Chris falls through the hole in the ceiling with a **scream**.

CHRIS

Oh, I don't like this ride.

**INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - DAY**

Stewie, wearing a thick, silver headband that covers half his head and a tank top, sits on the floor in a patch of sun playing a cheap acoustic guitar. The strings shoot off from the pegs in every direction.

STEWIE

WALK WITH ME BY THE WATER'S EDGE /  
HOLD MY HAND AND CLEAR YOUR HEAD. /  
GET TO KNOW THE SUN AGAIN.

Brian enters, stressed. He has small patches of fur missing.  
He hurries to the desk and sets down his books.

STEWIE

Oh, hey, B-ri, can you Prius me to the  
club tonight? There's this sweet  
piece with some tig old bitties and  
baby is good to go.

BRIAN

(AMPED UP) I can't drive you, Stewie,  
I have to work, I have to study.

STEWIE

Whoa, someone woke up on the wrong  
side of bitchy today. Here, let me  
soothe this savage beast. (PLAYING AND  
SINGING) MY FUZZY LITTLE BUNNY HER  
NAME IS KAREN --

Brian grabs the guitar and throws it out the window.

STEWIE

What the hell, man!

BRIAN

I-I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm just  
stressed. My Chemistry professor is a  
world-class tool. His tests are  
ridiculous. No-no matter how hard I  
study, I can't pass... Go on, make  
fun of me.

STEWIE

Brian, please. I wouldn't dream of it.

Without changing his demeanor, Stewie pulls out the foam "Loser" finger and puts it on.

BRIAN

I just have to study harder, that's it.

Brian starts to the desk.

STEWIE

Hey, if you give me a ride, I'll do your assignment.

BRIAN

What? No, I didn't come here to cheat. I came here to graduate.

Brian turns his back to Stewie and paces as he talks. Over the following, Stewie looks at Brian's assignment sheet and does the assignment.

BRIAN

I never imagined I'd be in this position. I just need to calm down and focus. I can do this. I'll just work harder and pass this class. It's as simple as that. I'll show that jackass professor and I'll show those idiots at the New Yorker --

STEWIE

Finished.

Brian grabs the paper and looks at Stewie incredulously.

STEWIE

Piece of cake. Basic Planck's Hypothesis. I wrote my methods below. Feel free to check them.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Now, I have to go bleach my o-ring  
before you take me to the club.

BRIAN

Stewie I can't use this.

STEWIE

Oh, come on, check your morals at the  
door, pally.

Brian drops the paper into the garbage can.

STEWIE

Fine. Fail out again, see if I care.

BRIAN

I won't fail. I'll --

Brian notices his bed is missing.

BRIAN

Where's my bed?

As Stewie dabs bleach below screen:

STEWIE

(NONCHALANTLY) I put it in the shower.

**INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - MORNING**

The sun creeps into the room and falls over Brian, asleep at his desk. His leg twitches as he sleeps.

BRIAN

(ASLEEP) No gravy bits? Peter, where  
the hell are the gravy bits! (JOLTS  
AWAKE) Oh, god, what time is it?

Brian looks at his computer screen and sees the two paragraphs he's written. He then sees Stewie's paper in the garbage can, debates it, then grabs the paper and runs out.

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - MINUTES LATER**

Brian hurries into the classroom, late. The rest of the students are already seated.



QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

(TO BRIAN) Thanks for coming,  
douchebag 2.

KISS ASS

(CHEERILY) I'm douchebag 1!

BRIAN

I'm sorry, sir, I --

The T.A. grabs Brian's paper and holds it for the professor.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Let's grade this pile of crap.

(READING) When the metal is bombarded  
with light... (T.A. SHIFTS PAPER)  
...Photons carry the energy...

The T.A. lowers the paper.

QUADRIPLEGIC GUY

Mr. Griffin, I am amazed.

Brian hangs his head.

QUADRIPLEGIC GUY

You finally passed.

The T.A. erases Brian's name from the "Biggest Loser" spot on the board and writes in "Douchebag 1." Brian beams. Just then, two students streak through the class **cheering**. They're followed by Stewie.

STEWIE

I'm forcing you to look at my bum!

He continues out.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - MOMENTS LATER**

The professor wheels around the classroom.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

For tomorrow, finish chapters six and  
seven. (THEN) And maybe some of you  
will step up to the bar Brian has set.

Brian **swallows hard** and starts chewing on his forearm. **WIDEN  
TO INCLUDE** the Kiss Ass chewing on Brian's other arm. Brian  
turns to him.

KISS ASS

Sorry. Just trying to help.

He smooths out Brian's fur.

**INT. DINING HALL - DAY**

Stewie, wearing too-long workout pants that drag behind his  
flip flops, a backwards baseball cap and a tight t-shirt that  
reads, "Hot Stuff," carries a tray of food. He sees Brian at a  
table frantically studying, **mumbling** to himself. He's sucking  
down coffee and more of his fur is missing.

STEWIE

Oh, Brian, there you are.

Stewie sits. Brian doesn't seem to notice.

STEWIE

I have to tell you, I just love  
college. I'm really getting the most  
out of the experience.

**EXT. X - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**CLOSE ON** Stewie. A small, plastic bar passes over his face.  
**WIDEN TO REVEAL:**

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)**

Stewie has just put on a football helmet and he's flanked by  
FOOTBALL PLAYERS, ready to kick off at a Brown football game.  
Stewie raises his hand, runs toward the ball and kicks off.  
The crowd **goes wild**.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

Brian, are you all right?

BRIAN

(NEAR BREAKING POINT) I was desperate,  
so I handed in your paper.

STEWIE

You mean, I rode to the club with  
Kevin the Party Midget for nothing?

BRIAN

(NOT HEARING HIM) And I got an "A,"  
but the professor expects me to keep  
doing well and I don't know this  
stuff, I don't know what I'm gonna do.  
Maybe I can fake an injury or --

STEWIE

Ugh, god, if it will stop your  
whining, I'll do your assignments.

BRIAN

No, that was a one-time act of  
desperation. I'm not a cheater.

STEWIE

Oh, please, everyone cheats.

BRIAN

Come on, everyone does not cheat.

STEWIE

Ugh, to be so naive again. Brian, let  
me show you something.

SONG TO COME WHERE STEWIE CONVINCES BRIAN TO CHEAT.

The **music** carries us into:

**MONTAGE:**

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY**

Brian sits at his lab desk, wearing a trench coat. He looks around, then opens the coat, and Stewie pops out, grabs the beakers in front of Brian, mixes them, then pops back into the coat. The professor rolls up, examines the mixed beaker then turns to the T.A., who puts Brian at the bottom of the "Top Students" list. Brian beams.

**INT. BRIAN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

Stewie works diligently at the desk while Brian makes out with a girl in the spot where his bed used to be. Through the window, we see his bed in a tree.

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY**

The class takes a test. Brian looks to his side to Stewie, who is hanging limp on a rolling stand that normally displays a skeleton. Stewie raises his head, looks at Brian's paper, and writes down the answer. He then goes limp again as the Professor wheels by.

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

Brian sits with his professor and other PROFESSORS. Brian tells a joke and everyone laughs. The WAITRESS passes by and Brian shakes his empty martini glass at her.

**INT. CHEMISTRY CLASS - DAY**

The T.A. writes Brian's name at the top of the "Top Students" list. He watches, satisfied.

**END MONTAGE.**

**EXT./ESTAB. MCQUILLEN CONSTRUCTION - DAY**

**INT. MCQUILLEN CONSTRUCTION LOBBY - SAME**

A SECURITY GUARD stands behind a small, semi-circle desk. The AA-Team approaches him.

PETER

Hi, there. We're here to speak with  
Mr. McQuillen.

GUARD

Do you have an appointment?

The guys **chuckle**. Peter lights up a cigar.

JOE

Appointment?

Peter nods, **chuckling**, as if this is absurd. He puffs his cigar.

CLEVELAND

Perhaps you don't recognize us. We're  
the AA-Team.

JOE

We don't need an appointment. Now,  
where's the elevator?

GUARD

Gentlemen, if you don't leave, I'm  
calling the police.

PETER

The police? The police? But my good  
man, who will police the police? You?  
God? The police? Certainly not us,  
we're far too busy, which is why we  
must see Mr. McQuillen right away.  
Excuse us.

Peter heads toward the elevators.

**EXT. MCQUILLEN CONSTRUCTION - MOMENTS LATER**

SIX SECURITY GUARDS shove the guys out and lock the door.

PETER

Jeez, I haven't been treated this  
badly since my uncle Ned came to visit  
when I was a kid.

**INT. THE KEATON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Peter, dressed as ALEX P. KEATON, shows some newspaper  
clippings to his drunk UNCLE NED, who holds a beer bottle.

PETER

See, Uncle Ned? I've saved every  
newspaper article about you. You're  
my hero!

Uncle Ned grabs the clippings and starts throwing them into  
the fire.

UNCLE NED

I'm no hero! This guy's dead!

Peter tries to stop him.

PETER

Uncle Ned, what are you doing?

They struggle for a beat, then Uncle Ned **tosses** Peter across  
the room. Peter looks at him stunned. Uncle Ned shakes.

PETER

You lousy son of a bitch!

Peter rushes at Uncle Ned and throws him into the fire. He  
**screams**. Peter shuts off the light and heads upstairs, as  
Uncle Ned runs around the room on fire, **screaming**.

**EXT./ESTAB. CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's a nice old brick house.

**INT. CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - SAME**

A fancy dinner party is underway. Brian, in a SUIT AND TIE,  
mingles with the Brown Academic elite, including his  
professor, the PRESIDENT and PROVOST.

PRESIDENT

To Brian Griffin, Brown's shining  
star.

Everyone toasts Brian and he loves it.

BRIAN

Please, I'm in the room.

Everyone **chuckles pretentiously**.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

And here's to me springing the final exam tomorrow.

BRIAN

(SMUG) Guess that means I'll stay at the top of the class.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

And the test is worth fifty-one percent of the grade. If anyone fails, they fail the class.

BRIAN

(MAKING A JOKE) Well, I should probably go home and study.

Everyone **laughs**. The PROFESSOR'S WIFE, who is also a quadriplegic, rolls up.

QUADRIPLEGIC WOMAN

(ROBOTIC VOICE) Dammit, Tim. You forgot to put out the dip.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Not in front of company, Denise.  
He **rams** her with his wheelchair.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Do you think I like hitting you?

QUADRIPLEGIC WOMAN

You uptight bastard.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

You think I was always a stuffy old teacher? I was in a band when I was in school.

**INT. SMALL CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

The Quadriplegic Man sits in his chair on stage with two other QUADRIPLEGIC MEN. Their instruments lie in front of them on the floor.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Hello, Seattle.

They sit motionless for a beat.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

One. Two. Three.

They sit motionless for a beat.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

Thank you, Seattle.

They wheel off stage.

**EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - 5:30 AM**

**INT. FRATERNITY BASEMENT - SAME**

A dozen FRAT MEMBERS who wear long, hooded robes and hold wooden paddles, stand before a group of PLEDGES, who sit with their heads down in a circle in the middle of the room. Stewie, in a robe, has his hood open and addresses the Pledges.

STEWIE

Now, you ass-sucking maggots are gonna  
stay down here until you learn to act  
like proper second-class citizens!  
Understood?!

PLEDGE

Yes, Master Stewie.

Stewie **smacks** the Pledge with his paddle.

STEWIE

Shut up! (TO FRAT MEMBER) Hit it!

A FRAT MEMBER presses play on a stereo and Billy Joel's "Pressure" blares. Stewie bobs his head aggressively to the music as he circles the Pledges, **smacking** his paddle against his hand. Brian rushes down the stairs.



BRIAN

Stewie! I've been looking for you all night!

Stewie walks over to Brian.

STEWIE

Brian, you're embarrassing me.

Brian pulls Stewie into a side room.

**INT. FRATERNITY BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They enter.

BRIAN

Look, my final is in three hours. We have to come up with a game plan.

STEWIE

Oh, Brian, I just love your sports metaphors. Don't worry, you'll hit a homer. (GIGGLES, THEN) Oh, god, am I tired. What day is this?

BRIAN

It's Thursday. I was thinking --

STEWIE

Hmm. Let's see, I woke up Monday, haven't really been to bed... That's what, seventy-two --

Stewie passes out into Brian's arms. Brian shakes him, but he won't wake up.

BRIAN

Stewie. Stewie! Wake up!

Brian **drops** Stewie on the ground and he doesn't stir. A beat. Brian **kicks** him square in the stomach. Stewie starts to **snore**.

BRIAN

Stewie, I can't pass this test without you! I can't do this myself!

A beat.

BRIAN

I can't believe I'm not gonna graduate again. (BEAT) This was a mistake. I never should have come back.

Brian hangs his head and exits. After a beat, the Frat Member walks in.

FRAT MEMBER

Stewie, the pledges are starting to --

He notices Stewie passed out on the ground. A huge smile crosses his face. He shuts the door and locks it.

**EXT. PARK - MORNING**

The AA-Team van blocks the road to the park. The guys stand nearby loading their weapons, strapping knives to themselves, etc.

PETER

All right, gentlemen, this is our last chance to stop that construction company and save this park. You guys ready?

QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Yep. / Solid.

PETER

How about you, Joe? You ready with that oxygen tank propped up at an angle on several two-by-fours that when hit with a sledgehammer will shoot like a rocket toward the bad guys, blowing up really loudly and driving them away?

**ANGLE ON** Joe next to just that. He lifts up a sledgehammer.

JOE

Check!

The guys see several construction vehicles driving up the road blocked by the AA-Team van.

PETER

(COCKY) All right, fellas. Let's see  
how they like Plan B.

The trucks easily drive around the van.

PETER

Okay, let's see how they like Plan C.

The guys **cock** their weapons. The trucks drive up and the owner of the construction company, BUD MCQUILLEN, gets out of a truck. His CREW follows.

BUD MCQUILLEN

What the hell are you guys doin'?

PETER

We're the AA-Team and we're balancing  
the social justice equilibrium, my  
friend. You must be McQuillen.

BUD MCQUILLEN

Yeah, I'm McQuillen. And you must be  
the dipsticks who showed up at my  
office yesterday.

PETER

If you mean the dipsticks that measure  
the amount of sweet, little-guy  
justice, then yeah, that's us.

CLEVELAND

Burn.

MR. MCQUILLEN

Well get outta here. We got a lot 'a  
work to do.

The guys **shoot** the ground around McQuillen and his crew.

BUD MCQUILLEN

Okay, okay, don't shoot us!

They stop shooting.

PETER

We're not gonna shoot you. We're just  
gonna shoot around you a little bit to  
scare you and make you leave.

BUD MCQUILLEN

What? Really?

PETER

Yeah. So, uh, we'll see ya.

Peter **shoots** around McQuillen, but he calmly stands there.

PETER

Uh-oh, they're not runnin' away.

Quick, Joe, the rocket-tank!

Joe **knocks** the nozzle off the oxygen tank causing it to **shoot**  
off the two-by-four, onto the ground and **slide** across the  
grass for about ten feet, then die.

PETER

Oh, man, plan D.

Peter pulls down his pants and moons McQuillen.

PETER

(STERN) Leave now.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. SUN PORCH - SAME**

The guys sit around dejected, drinking. Lois sets down a  
tray of snacks.

LOIS

Oh, fellas, I'm sorry your little club  
is finished.

PETER

Me, too. (THEN) Lois, can I get  
another beer? This one's makin' me  
depressed.

Peter hands Lois his beer.

LOIS

Okay, sweetie.

Lois exits.

PETER

Well, fellas, the AA-Team has failed.  
Man, this feels worse than when I  
missed out on my big break.

**EXT./ESTAB. THE MIRAGE HOTEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)**

Peter, DRESSED IN A WHITE SEQUIN OUTFIT WITH A SHORT CAPE,  
holds a TIGER just offstage, waiting to go on.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen. The Mirage  
Hotel welcomes you...

A STAGEHAND walks up.

STAGEHAND

Peter, we don't need you. Roy made it.

ROY HORN, wearing the same outfit as Peter, walks up and  
takes the tiger from Peter.

ROY

Thanks, Peter.

The Tiger jumps and angrily bites at Roy's neck, but Roy  
pushes him away.

ROY

Ha-ha, yes, Manticore, I love you,  
too! But we have a show to do!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Seigfreid and Roy!

Roy walks on stage to the **cheering** crowd. Peter hangs his head and walks off.

**INT. GRIFFINS' SUN PORCH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

PETER

Boys, the AA-Team is dead.

Peter takes off his coat.

PETER

I don't deserve to wear this coat.

He **swallows** the coat whole.

PETER

Or these pants.

Peter **swallows** the pants whole.

PETER

Or smoke this cigar.

Peter **snuffs** his cigar out on his leg, **wincing** in extreme pain.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Lois grabs a beer from the fridge, as Brian enters, dejected, his bag over his shoulder.

LOIS

Brian, what are you doin' here?

Brian plops into a chair.

BRIAN

I couldn't hack it. I'll always be a  
loser, I just have to accept that.

LOIS

But the semester's only half over...

BRIAN

My crazy professor is giving the final today. (THEN) I just can't believe I'm not gonna graduate again. At least the first time I had a good reason.

**INT. BROWN CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

A YOUNGER BRIAN reads his story for the CLASS.

BRIAN

...And that's how that boy became a man.

The students wipe tears. The TEACHER walks up to Brian.

TEACHER

Brian, your story is wonderful.  
(QUICKLY) I'm going to steal it.

BRIAN

What?

TEACHER

I have some people I'll put you in touch with once you graduate. I see big things for you.

The class **applauds** Brian, as he looks suddenly nervous.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Brian makes a realization.

BRIAN

How could I have not seen this before?  
I didn't quit because I was ready to face the world, I quit because I was scared of facing it. I mean, I was gonna do well, I was gonna succeed. All I had to do was graduate.

LOIS

Well, Brian, let's just dial it back a little --

BRIAN

I can't believe I did it again! God, I've wasted so much time. I'm gonna take that test, Lois, and I'm gonna pass!

Brian notices the clock.

BRIAN

Oh, no. The test is in twenty minutes! I'll never get back in time.

Peter enters, NAKED and panicked.

PETER

Oh, my god, Lois! Have you seen my scrotum?!

LOIS

Ugh, you tucked it under your fat roll this mornin'.

Peter checks.

PETER

Oh, you're right. Thank god.  
Thanks, honey.

Peter turns to leave.

LOIS

Peter, wait! Brian needs the AA-Team's help. He needs to get back to school in twenty minutes or else he'll forever be put down by the man.

Peter perks up.



PETER

The man? (THEN) Brian, the AA-Team  
would be honored to take your case.

(CALLING OFF) Boys.

The guys rush in, all NAKED.

LOIS

What the hell's goin' on in there?

PETER

The little guy needs us!

The guys **cheer**. Peter **punches** himself in the stomach and **throws up** a huge pile of clothes. He hands the guys their costumes.

**EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The guys and Brian rush toward the van. Everyone hops in, except for Joe, who waits by the side door as the ramp **beeps** and slowly and laboriously starts to unfold from the van.

CUT TO:

**EXT. QUAHOG STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

The van **races** through the streets, cutting off traffic, jumping curbs. The van rips past a COP CAR. The **sirens blare** and the cop pursues.

**INT. AA-TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Peter sees the cop car.

PETER

Uh-oh. We got company.

The guys turn and see the car.

PETER

All right, boys. Time to get a taste  
of the jazz.

**EXT. QUAHOG STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

"AA-Team"-style chase music begins as a raucous, "A-Team"-style chase ensues, complete with cop cars flipping over mounds of dirt, tractor trailers jackknifing and the guys ultimately slipping past the cops.

**EXT. BROWN ACADEMIC BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER**

The AA-Team van **races** across the lawn. Students dive out of the way. The van **skids** to a stop in front of the building and Brian jumps out.

BRIAN

One minute left. I can't thank you enough, guys!

PETER

Your smile is thanks enough. And twenty bucks.

BRIAN

What?

PETER

Come on.

Brian takes twenty bucks from his pocket, slaps it in Peter's hand and runs inside.

PETER

Sweet.

**INT. AA-TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Peter turns to the guys.

PETER

Well, gentlemen, it looks like the AA-Team is back.

Just then, a dozen cop cars surround the van, **sirens blazing**.

PETER

I love it when a plan comes together.

Peter lights up a cigar.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BROWN ACADEMIC BUILDING - LATER**

Lois and the kids stand with Peter and the guys as the cops are starting to leave. A COP talks with them.

COP

...I understand, Joe. We'll just find  
a couple 'a poor kids to pin this on.

JOE

Thanks a lot, Dan.

The Cop walks off.

LOIS

Oh, Peter, I'm so glad you're okay.  
Thanks for smoothin' things over, Joe.

JOE

My pleasure. I'm just glad the secret  
handshake still works.

PETER

Well, boys, I think it's only right  
the AA-Team go out on a high note.

JOE

What?! But we were doing so well! We  
can at least go out into the woods on  
weekends and shoot up trees and old  
barns and --

Peter looks at Cleveland, who takes out a pill bottle. Peter  
grabs Joe by the face, making Joe look at him, as he **rants on**.

PETER

Joe! Joe! Look at me! Look at me!

Joe stops talking. Then, Cleveland shoves a pill in his  
mouth and Peter forces it down Joe's throat. A beat.

JOE

(SUDDENLY CALM) Thanks, guys.

Brian exits the building, tired. He's surprised to see  
everyone looking at him.

LOIS

How'd it go?

BRIAN

I'm a graduate!

Everyone **congratulates** Brian.

LOIS

Oh, we're so proud of you, Brian.

PETER

Yeah, Brian, like she said.

BRIAN

Thanks, guys. I, I couldn't be  
happier. But the real victory is that  
I had the courage to take the test.

QUAGMIRE

I hear that. Oh!

BRIAN

And from now on the world is my  
oyster. (THEN) Now, let's go get some  
drinks then I'm taking a nap.

The guys **cheer** and they and Brian get into the van.

LOIS

Where's Stewie?

**EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME**

Stewie sits in the passenger seat of a Jeep Cherokee, with  
three other COLLEGE STUDENTS. Smoke fills the car.  
Suddenly, a cop car pulls them over. They all roll down  
their windows to clear out the smoke.

DRIVER

Oh, man!

STEWIE

Just play it cool. Don't stress.

Don't stress! We're just a couple 'a  
young kids out having a good time.

The OFFICER gets out of his car. Stewie bails and runs off into the woods. The Officer spots him and trains his gun on the Jeep.

OFFICER

Nobody else move!

The kids freeze. We hear Stewie running off into the thick woods, **breathing heavily** and **catching** on twigs, etc., as we:

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**